



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, POETRY, &c.

VOL. XIV. [V. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1838.

NO. 25.

SELECT TALES.

The Charter.

AN HISTORICAL TALE OF CONNECTICUT.

By the Author of 'Lafitte,' etc.

[Concluded.]

CATHARINE WYLLYS was the daughter of one of the wealthiest and most aristocratic gentlemen of the colony, who held a high office under the colonial government. He was the proprietor of a fine estate near the neighborhood of Hartford, and his residence was on a beautiful swell of land near the town,—commanding an extensive prospect of the winding Connecticut and the adjacent country. She was the cousin of Helen Pierpont,—but in affection they were sisters; here all unity ceased! In person, habits and tone of mind, they were the antipodes of each other. Helen was tall, with a commanding figure, and dark eyes, raven hair, and a somewhat haughty carriage; the secret of which lay in her pride as an Englishwoman in education, feeling and prejudices and in her contempt for the colonial females, save one—her cousin Kate. In England she would have denied her country, for she was ashamed of it. Where her national prejudices were not assailed, she was gentle, frank and pleasing, and the friend and benefactor of all who sought her bounty. Catharine was a sylph with blue eyes dancing with the heart's joy and beaming with tenderness. Her hair was soft and wavy, and of a golden auburn; her complexion was dazzling white, while the color upon her cheek was as delicate as if the light were passed through a roseleaf upon it. Her mouth and teeth were very beautiful, and she had one of the sweetest, merriest voices in the world, and a smile so bewitching and a disposition so good, that she captivated all hearts. Nothing could be more exquisitely moulded than her figure. She seemed more like a creation of the poet's fancy than a creature of flesh and blood. Grace and lightness characterized every movement, and there was an indescribable charm in all that she did or said, which inspired confidence and affection at the first glance. She was

just seventeen, had never been out of the colony in her life,—was thoroughly homely in all her feelings and attachments and ultra-American in every thing. To sum up all, she could knit, spin, weave and quilt, and was one of those noble girls of whom the excellent grandmothers of three or four generations back were made. Indeed she fairly promised yet to be one of them,—at least she had taken the first step—she had a lover! This lover was a young colonist. He was handsome, brave and generous, and worthy to love and be beloved by a maiden so fair as Catharine. Henry Wadsworth was warmly opposed to the resignation of the Charter; so was Kate: whatever he loved, she loved; whatever he hated, she hated; and vice-versa. Nor was this all for love. It resulted from the happy unity of kindred and congenial spirits. Kate Wyllys and Harry Wadsworth were paired together in Heaven.

The conversation between Andross and Helen had, as doubtless the reader has conjectured, a third party as listener. Wadsworth had been walking with Catharine, and as he was about to leave her at her father's that he might join the Assembly, she, no doubt to linger yet longer on his arm, and look up into his face and talk of love, proposed accompanying him as far as the Governor's where she would stop with her cousin Helen until his return, when he might call and escort her home. This was an excellent idea and just harmonized with his own wishes. At the governor's gate they separated; Henry bending his steps towards the town-house; Kate, anticipating the delightful walk she should have home, with a light heart entered the gate, and bounded up the avenue to the house. She had traversed half the length of the walk when the forms of Andross and Helen before her caught her eye. Unable to distinguish her cousin in the gloom, and unwilling to meet them at that hour she turned aside into a by-path, to gain the portico without passing them. The path conducted her into a broader one which led obliquely to the front of the mansion. She had walked

but a few steps when she saw Andross and Helen advancing toward her, but too much engaged to notice any thing beyond themselves. The figure and air of her cousin could not be mistaken. 'Who could it be with her? Without waiting for a reply to this self-directed query, she retreated to elude their observation,—but with a half formed determination of ascertaining who the stranger was with her own eyes. Without returning by the by-path which was very circuitous, there was no way of escaping them except by a gate at the foot of the walk, where also was an arbor. To this she directed her steps, and entered the arbor.

'Helen certainly will not venture in this dark place with a man,' she said to herself; 'so I shall be secure here. For I am determined to see who she can be philandering with at such an hour.'

In this concealment undiscovered she heard sufficient to assure her of the loyal intentions of her cousin, and to ascertain who was her dangerous companion. Hardly had they turned their backs than she glided from the arbor, softly passed through the gate which led through the rear of the dwelling, and fled towards it at the imminent risk of leaving a stray tress or a portion of her robe on the bushes through which she forced her way. Entering the house by a door in the wing, she flew along the hall to the library. Its door was ajar. She went in and closed it behind her; found the key in the escritoire; unlocked the bureau; discovered the drawer and with an eager grasp drew forth a narrow wooden case, about two feet long and three inches square having a curiously jointed cover, like the roof of a house. It was secured by brass hasps and covered with a coarse, dark substance. Hastily opening it, she discovered a roll, of which she instantly took possession. Then taking one from a pile of old parchments which lay on the top of the bureau, she placed it in the case instead of that she had abstracted, fastened the hasps as before and replaced it in the drawer. Relocking

the bureau, she returned the key to the escritoire, and hastened from the room with the Charter safe beneath her cloak. Before she reached the door by which she had come in the hall-door opened and she had barely time to step aside into a recess when Helen entered and with a hurried step gained the door of the library, paused, hesitated, looked cautiously around and then went in.

With a steady hand she placed the key in the bureau, and removed the case. Finding it too heavy, and from its bulk liable to expose her to detection, she removed the parchment, replaced the case and key and hurried from the library and from the house.

How opposite the feelings of the two cousins as each in her turn left the library? With what different emotions throbbed their hearts!

'Now have I done his Majesty good service and been the weak instrument of uniting to the crown a disloyal people,' said Helen, as she closed the door of the library.

'Now in the hand of Providence,' said Catharine with flashing eyes as Helen appeared, 'have I been instrumental in defeating a most high-handed treachery. I will go in and see if she really has taken away what I left. I can scarcely believe Helen could be in earnest.' Leaving the recess she re-entered the room and discovered the empty case. Replacing the charter in it she concealed the case beneath her cloak, crossed the hall and went out undiscovered. By a circuitous route she gained the principal gate, and dark as it was, swiftly pursued her way home with her treasure. On her arrival she sought her room, placed the parchment in her own private secretary; locked and double locked it, and then sat down and wrote the following laconic note, which she sent away by a servant.

DEAR HENRY:—Leave the Assembly this instant, and come to KATE.

CHAPTER V.

'Here is the Charter, Edmund,' faintly said Helen, placing the roll in the eager hands of Andross, who, impatient of delay, met her as she came from the house, and sinking upon his shoulder, she whispered, 'What have I done? I tremble all over.'

'Be reassured, Helen,' he said embracing her.—'You have acted nobly. His Majesty shall know your loyalty.'

'Your love is all I ask, Edmund.'

'And is it not yours, dear girl?' he said, drawing her hastily to his heart. 'Now go in, my love. I fear your absence will be marked. I will soon see you again.'

'Where do you go?'

'To the Council. Adieu. I will return ere long.'

'Remember my father.'

'I will. Good night.'

Helen looked after his receding figure till it disappeared through the gate and she then retraced her steps slowly and thoughtfully to the house.

On gaining the saddle Sir Edmund Andross put spurs to his horse, and followed by Cato rode through the town to rejoin his troop. He had scarcely cleared the straggling suburbs when he was challenged by a mounted sentinel posted in the road, who presented his harquebuss and demanded the countersign.

'The Charter.'

'Pass to the right,' replied the soldier, resuming his position.

A few yards from the highway he came upon his troop, drawn up in a wood. Trevor rode forward to meet him.

'What success in love and politics?'

'I have the Charter here,' he said significantly, at the same time producing the roll.

'Ha! The lady?'

'The lady.'

'She has redeemed her sex. I hail you as Governor of Connecticut.'

'And these ox-headed provincials shall know it within twenty minutes. Gentlemen he added addressing Randolph and Dudley as they rode up, 'I have obtained the Charter of this colony, through the agency of a loyal partisan. 'Tis here. The Council are in full conclave in their town-hall. I shall take the liberty of intruding upon their deliberations. I desire your attendance.'

Here he gave one or two brief orders; the sentinel fell into his place in the ranks; and every man drew his rein tighter, and slightly pressed the flanks of his horse with the rowel of his spur.

'Forward.'

Instantly the whole troop were in motion.

'Trot.'

The squadron now moved out of the wood, wheeled into the road and advanced at a fast trot into the town.

'How do you intend to act?' asked Trevor, who cantered by the side of the leader.

'Surround the hall—enter and demand the Charter as if I had it not—and so give them a chance of surrendering it with some show of decency.'

'If they do not?'

'I shall show them that I am their governor; and if they refuse to acknowledge me—'

'Convince them of their error with some four-score indisputable arguments,' said Trevor dryly, looking back at the troop. 'By-the-by, how was my fair cousin's health?'

'In excellent keeping.'

'And did you see my other cousin, Kate?'

'No.'

'She has been expecting me this six weeks, and will take me to task for loitering

among the beauties of your town of Boston,' said Trevor, spurring forward to keep up with his more eager companion.

In the meanwhile the servant had delivered Catharine's note, and young Wadsworth hastened to obey the commands of his mistress.

'Henry,' said Catharine, meeting him before he reached the house, now you can show both your love and your patriotism. Sir Edmund Andross is in Hartford.'

'Impossible.'

'I have seen him.'

'Ha!'

'Listen.' In a few words the maiden told her astonished lover what we have related more at large. He let fall some words, she concluded, 'about a troop.—Doubtless he is supported. When he finds out the trick played upon him, I fear he will do some violence, search the governor's house and perhaps my father's. Apprehensive of this, I brought the Charter here and now place it in your hands. Keep the trust sacred, Henry. Remember you hold there the liberties of this Colony.'

'I will defend them with my blood,' he said with animation, receiving the case which she had taken from her secretary to entrust to a safer guardian.

'No. Do nothing hastily. While you are true to your country, do not forget Catharine. Hark! what sound is that?'

They listened for a moment, and the sound grew louder and louder, when Wadsworth exclaimed,

'By Heaven! 'Tis the noise of cavalry in motion.'

'As I feared,' said Catharine, clinging to him as he was about to spring from her. 'Hold, do not leave me.'

'Hark,' he said, straining his eyes and listening with an intentness that dulled his ear to all other sounds; 'it has ceased. They have drawn up at the town-house. Do not detain me, dear Kate, I must be there.'

'Will you leave me, Henry without—'

'There, Kate, there,' he said, embracing her. 'I will return and give you the news.' The next moment she was alone.

The squadron of horse which we left entering the town, swept along its deserted streets with the noise of a whirlwind; with armor clanging, spurs and bridles ringing, and matches glowing like lamps in the wind of their rapid motion, striking with wonder and alarm the startled citizens, who wildly rushed to their doors, and penetrating even the walls of the council-room, and arresting the councillors in the midst of their deliberations. Nearer and louder it grew, until the troop drew up before the door.

'What can mean this uproar?' exclaimed one of the Assembly, rising and approaching a window.

'There is some commotion without,' said the venerable governor; 'Fitz Winthrop,' he said to a gentleman near him, 'I pray you go and learn the cause.'

There followed a sound of confused voices without; then a heavy footstep accompanied by a clatter of armor and jingling of spurs was heard in the vestibule.—All eyes were turned towards the door, which was suddenly thrown wide open, and with a haughty mien and a bold step, Sir Edmund Andross, accompanied by Trevor, Randolph and Dudley, and attended by four grenadiers, entered the hall. Governor Treat, who sat at the upper end of the apartment, fixed his eyes sternly yet not without curiosity on the stranger as he strode up the room; and then rising with that dignity for which he was remarkable, he demanded the cause for so daring an intrusion into a peaceful assembly.

'You shall learn, sir; and you worthy and honorable gentleman also,' said Andross, looking around and speaking with ironical courtesy. 'Have I the honor,' he added, turning to his interrogator, 'of addressing Robert Treat, self-styled Governor of his Majesty's colony of Connecticut?'

'I am,' he answered with firmness, 'Robert Treat and Governor, by the grace of God and courtesy of his deceased Majesty Charles the first, of this colony of Connecticut.'

'Amen,' responded several voices in the room.

The brow of the intruder lowered as he scowled round upon the Assembly.

'Whom,' added the Governor, 'have I the honor also of addressing?'

'I am Sir Edmund Andross, knight, and by his present Majesty's pleasure, governor of this recusant colony of Connecticut.'

Until this moment every countenance in the room had been fixed upon the intruder in silent wonder, not unmingled with curiosity and honest indignation. Every mind from the first had received an impression as to the true character of the audacious stranger who had thus broken in upon their councils though no one dared whisper, even to himself his suspicion. When the question was put to him by the governor, demanding his name and rank, they hung with breathless expectation upon his reply. When it confirmed their worst apprehensions there was a general burst of resentment and mortification. Every gentleman sprang to his feet, many swords flew from their scabbards, and one or two were even leveled at the breast of Andross.

'Hold, gentleman,' cried the aged governor, 'use no violence. This is a matter to be settled by cool tongues rather than by sharp steel. In your haste,' he added, with cutting irony, 'you have forgotten to welcome our worthy friends who stand there, Randolph and Dudley.'

Randolph frowned and struck his sword hilt. The latter smiled complacently if not with a very little grain of triumph. Andross stood perfectly unmoved during the momentary excitement the declaration of his name had created. The members of the council who had been most forward, at length sullenly replaced their swords not in the scabbards indeed, but under their arms, ready for use.

'Sir Edmund Andross,' said Governor Treat when the commotion had in some degree subsided, 'I demand by what right you intrude upon this Assembly with a band of armed soldiers at your back?'

'We are not to be bearded to our very faces,' cried a voice in a distant part of the room.

'He shall atone for his insolence,' added another in a still sterner tone.

Andross turned from one speaker to another like a lion at bay.

'Peace gentleman!' interposed the mild voice of the governor waving his hand with authority. 'We wait your answer sir.'

'I stand here in obedience to his Majesty's commands,' he haughtily replied.

'On what intent?'

'We know his intentions well,' cried several voices.

'I entreat you be silent gentleman,' again interposed the governor.

'As these puritan statesman seem to be so well informed on the subject,' said Andross, sneeringly, 'there is no need that I should reply. But lest they misconstrue my silence, I answer that I am here to demand, in the name and by the authority of his reigning Majesty, James the Second, the surrender of your Charter.'

'If we refuse to obey his Majesty?' asked the Governor, in a quiet manner.

'I am prepared to enforce his commands. Will you yield your Charter, gentleman?' he demanded in a determined tone.

'Voluntarily, never,' replied Governor Treat, firmly.

'Never,' rang loudly through the hall.

Sir Edmund Andross waited until there was silence, then casting a glance of triumph around the room, his countenance assumed a significant expression which at once drew attention and excited curiosity. Deliberately taking the roll of parchment from under his short horseman's cloak, he said, 'I had anticipated your refusal, after the answer you have invariably given to his Majesty's writs, of which our mutual friend, Edward Randolph, was the bearer. Therefore, to anticipate any abstraction or concealment of your Charter, when my presence in Hartford should be known, I have thought it expedient in compliance with his Majesty's wish, that by all means, I should possess myself of the

patent, to secure it before I appeared before you. How I have got possession of it matters not. It is sufficient that I have it. This mockery of asking its surrender was graciously to afford you the opportunity of quietly resigning it, and in some degree recovering his Majesty's esteem. But my kind consideration has been thrown away like pearls before—but, gentleman, I need not remind you of the text. Behold your Charter!' he added, holding out the parchment in one hand and striking it with the gloved forefinger of the other. 'In the name of his Majesty James the Second, and in this present, I declare the government under this charter dissolved.'

A dozen swords glittered in the hands of as many gentlemen: the grenadiers threw themselves before their leader, who caught half a score of blades upon his own.

'Hold!' he cried, 'your doors are guarded—yourselves are prisoners. One word from me and you will be cut to pieces.'

'Base craven!' 'Villain!' 'Coward!' were the epithets that assailed his ears on all sides.

'Forbear gentleman! Let us act mildly,' said the governor. 'May it please you Sir Edmund Andross,' he added, looking fixedly at the parchment the Knight held in his hand 'to unroll that instrument, that all may be convinced—for some doubt—that you hold our Charter.'

'Assuredly,' he replied with confidence. Casting an exulting look around, he unrolled the instrument and displayed it before all eyes. The quiet smile that played about the Governor's mouth and broader signs of merriment visible on the faces of the rest, induced him to look closely at the parchment, when a glance showed him that he held simply an Indian deed of hunting grounds. His proud and confident manner was changed, not to one of mortification and disappointment, but to one of vindictive rage. He gnashed his teeth; crumpled the parchment in his hand; flung it to the earth and ground it with his heel.

'By whatsoever interposition of Providence your unjust intentions have been foiled,' said Governor Treat with a dignity strikingly contrasted with the excitement of the other, 'you are properly punished for resorting to stratagem. Those who have deceived you have proved our friends.'

'Infernal woman!' muttered Andross through his closed lips. 'This is intentional. Ho, sir Puritan or Sir Governor! I am not to be thwarted thus. By the Holy Cross! if your patent be not given up within the hour you shall each be shorter by the head, than you now stand. I have arguments without I think you will listen to.'

'Colonel Wyllys,' said the governor to a

noble looking gentleman who stood by his chair, 'have the goodness to report the nature of these arguments.'

'Doubtless of this complexion,' he replied glancing at the grenadiers. He went out and the next moment returning with a flashing eye.

'By Heaven, it is true!' he exclaimed with animation; 'I could not believe him when he said it—and I took his words for those of a braggadocio. 'Before God, Sir Edmund Andross,' he said, fixing his eyes upon his face as he came up to him, 'I would have sworn and staked my life upon it, had not my own eyes witnessed it that you could never be guilty of so gross an outrage. Gentleman, fellow-citizens, a troop of horse and a body of Indians are drawn up before the door.'

This confirmation of what they had been led to expect, but which they could scarcely credit, created a new and fiercer excitement throughout the assembly.

'We are but fifteen swords,' said Fitz Winthrop, looking round as if to measure the strength of his party and then advancing upon Andross.

'Were we but one to fifteen,' cried a determined voice at the door, 'we would try passes with them ere we surrendered our rights as free British subjects to this titled minion of a tyrant.'

All eyes turned towards the speaker, and rested on a handsome young man enveloped in a cloak who had entered behind Fitz Winthrop. With a pale cheek; his dark eyes sparkling with excitement; his arms folded beneath his cloak, and with an air of cool decision, such as marks men of bold and determined spirits, he walked haughtily up the hall. As he passed Sir Edmund Andross that cavalier's fierce glance fastened upon him but shrunk beneath a gaze full as fierce as his own.

'By the cross! this is very pleasant,' he said, as Henry Wadsworth, for he it was, took a seat beside the Governor and whispered a few words in his ear:—'What puritan Hotspur is this, Sirs? S'death! One would take me for a collector of revenues fallen among smugglers.'

'Sir Edmund Andross,' said the Governor sternly, 'we will no longer submit to your insolence. If you will take our Charter by force of arms, we are perhaps, too weak to defend it. Gentleman,' he continued in a slightly satirical vein, addressing the Assembly, as the argument of this knightly soldier have placed this question in a new light, I beg the free expression of your thoughts upon it.

A long and warm discussion followed. During the debate was eloquently represented the vast extent and innumerable hardships, suffered by the patentees in settling the colony: the blood shed, and the treasure ex-

pended in defending it. At length, though at a late hour of the night, the contest terminated, and it was resolved formally to surrender the Charter. A motion was then made to bring it forth. Governor Treat was about to despatch a messenger to this effect, when Wadsworth opened his cloak, and placed it upon the table. Then turning on his heel, he carelessly walked to a window and threw up the sash as if to inhale the cool night air. He then returned to the table.

'This, Sir Edmund Andross,' said Governor Treat, placing his hand on the case, 'contains the instrument granted to us by His Majesty King Charles the First, and which James the Second commands us to surrender. In obedience to his Majesty's commands, I herewith, formally and in the presence of these witnesses, surrender it into your trust and keeping.'

'His Majesty shall, forthwith, be informed of your prompt compliance with his wishes,' said the cavalier with visible irony in the tones of his voice, at the same time drawing forth and unrolling the Charter. Ah this is indeed the true instrument. Trevor, this portrait within, initial C, is the just similitude of his late Majesty: and with much complacency he held up to his survey a correct likeness of Charles the First, done in India ink within the compass of the first letter of his name, which commenced the patent.

'The sight of it should lead you to respect his will, conveyed in the instrument which is thus sanctioned,' said Colonel Willys who with the rest of the assembly had been gazing on the scene with mingled emotions of shame, anger, and resentment.

Charles did many foolish things, which the wisdom of his successors must mend,' answered Andross carelessly, 'Now, Sir Governor, if it be your pleasure I will change places with you.'

Governor Treat rose from the gubernatorial chair, in which he had been placed by the colonists and resigned it to a governor appointed by the King.

The new Governor restored the Charter to the case, carefully fastened it and laid it upon the table. He then advanced to place himself in the usurped chair. At this instant while his back was turned, Wadsworth cast his cloak over the candles which burned in a branch on the table and the hall was instantly in darkness.

'Treason! Treachery! Bring light villains shouted Andross, seconded by Trevor, Randolph and Dudley.

Guided by a sudden suspicion, he stretched forth his hand to the table. The Charter was gone!

'Guard the door!' he shouted. 'Trevor, they have stolen the Charter. On your lives, soldiers let no one pass out.'

The extinguished candles were speedily relighted; the hall was searched. But the patent had effectually disappeared.

The bold young man, when his cloak, skilfully thrown fell upon the lights and extinguished them, snatched the case containing the Charter, and darting through an opening in the groups which his eye had previously marked out he gained the open window and sprang lightly to the ground. With the speed of the deer he fled along the street till he came opposite the Governor's residence when he paused as if with indecision. The next moment he resumed his flight in the direction of Colonel Willys' mansion. He continued on the main street a third of a mile, and then turning short to his left, entered a dark lane, thickly bordered with trees. Traversing this with undiminished speed he reached the gate before the house and without waiting to open it, bounded over and threaded the gravelled walk towards the dwelling.

'Henry is it you?' said Kate meeting him on the piazza, 'I have been looking for you. Why, what is the matter?' she inquired, as Henry stood before her panting.

In a few words he related the scenes in the council chamber. 'Aid me with your woman's wit,' he said, as he concluded the relation.

Catharine placed her forefinger upon her lip; reflected for the space of half a minute, and then turned to him with a glad countenance. 'Do you remember the oak, Henry?

'Twas there we plighted.—'

'Hush! this is no time to play the lover. In the oak is a deep cavity. It will remain there for ages without discovery. Go, Henry! be quick! I will remain here to see that none of the servants see you.'

From the terrace, the ground sloped to the lane, where it terminated in a low, precipitous bank. Near the verge of this bank, grew an oak, which flung its broad arms half across the lane. Henry soon reached the tree, and hurriedly but carefully passed his hand over its huge trunk and at length at the very root, found a cavity with an upward direction into the heart of the oak. He thrust a broken limb nearly three feet into it. Then enlarging the orifice by breaking away the decayed wood, he inserted the end of the case into the opening, and forced it a foot beyond the mouth.

'Thank God!' he said devoutly, as he drew forth his arm, 'it will rest safely there, until we have an honest king again.'

He then carefully replaced the fragments, covered the orifice with a sod, which he cut with his knife some yards from the spot, and neatly swept the grass at the foot of the tree. 'Now, if it is discovered,' he said, rising to his feet, 'it must be the devil himself who gives information.'

CHAPTER VI.

We pass over the anger and mortification of Sir Edmund Andross, and the quiet exultation of the members of the Council, who having fulfilled their obedience to the King's commands by surrendering the Charter, were not held accountable for any of its subsequent gyrations. Notwithstanding this untoward event, Sir Edmund Andross assumed the government of Connecticut, which he annexed to Massachusetts, making Boston the general seat of jurisdiction. He formed a council composed of forty gentlemen; and otherwise appointed officers according to his own pleasure. Fitz Winthrop and governor Treat were members of this council. At first he ruled with mildness and moderation, and his addresses were filled with professions for the happiness of the colonists; and for a time he administered justice according to the laws of the government under the Charter. His first open infringement of the liberties of the people, was restraining the freedom of the press. This was followed by one upon marriage, 'which,' says the historian, 'was far more grievous.' He forbade the performance of this rite, unless the parties gave bonds, with sureties to himself, to be forfeited, if it should appear, subsequently, that there existed any lawful impediment to the marriage. Clergymen were forbidden to officiate, and to the great scandal of the colony, the right of performing the ceremony was given up altogether to civil magistrates, thus taking from the clergy the perquisites with which they are wont to eke out their narrow salaries.

Not satisfied with this persecution, he suspended the laws which provided for the maintenance, and prohibited all persons from paying any thing to their minister. He fortified this bold position by a menace to the people, if they dared to resist his pleasure, threatening to destroy their houses of worship, or 'conventicles'; he also forbade any one to pay the sum of two pence to a nonconformist minister, on pain of punishment by fines and the stocks.

But the mode in which the English governor managed the affairs of his government are familiar to all readers of history. Under the pretence that the Charter of Connecticut had been vacated, he declared all titles under it of no value, and in a speech in council, said, that Indian deeds were no better than the 'scratch of a bear's paw.' No pleas, however legally and sacredly based, were of avail with him and his corrupt favorites. Not only Connecticut, but all New England groaned under his oppression. The colonists were not men to submit for a length of time to a system of tyranny like this. Eighteen months after his usurpation of the government of Connecticut, the citizens of

Boston where he held his court, and its vicinity, in alliance with Treat, Fitz Winthrop, and other distinguished Hartfordians, stung with these injuries, rose in arms, took the castle by storm, seized the person of Sir Edmund Andross, made prisoners of the council, and reinstated the former colonial governor, and council in the government. The landing of the Protestant Prince, William of Orange, at Torbay, and the promises he held out, doubtless encouraged the colonists to take this bold and decisive step.

On the ninth of May, 1689, eighteen months and ten days after the force of the surrender of their patent, Governor Treat, and the other officers under the Charter, resumed the government of Connecticut. On the twenty-sixth day of the same month, the news that William and Mary were proclaimed King and Queen of England, arrived, and spread universal joy throughout the land.

In 1704, the liberties of Connecticut were again endangered by Lord Cornbury, Governor of New-York, and Governor Dudley, of Massachusetts, who combined to despoil it of its Charter, and annex it to their government. They were, however, unsuccessful; and to secure the colony against any further conspiracies of this nature, their majesties confirmed to it its Charter in perpetuity, and so the machinations of the enemies of the Colony were effectually defeated. After a concealment of more than fifteen years, the Charter was, therefore, reproduced from its hiding place, in the oak, and placed in the archives of the State.

We will now bring our tale to a conclusion. Sir Edmund Andross, believing that Helen had intentionally given him the false parchment, withdrew his suit. Helen, out of womanly revenge, changed her political creed, and became a stout friend to the Charter, as heretofore she had been an enemy to it.

Harry Wadsworth and Kate Wyllys were ultimately made one flesh: but not until after the usurper was displaced, and Governor Treat again ruled over Connecticut. It was Henry's wish to be married a year earlier than he was, but Catharine stoutly refused.

'I will die an old maid,' she said, 'before I will be married by one of Andross' slaves. If I am not married by our good old orthodox minister, Mr. Woodbridge, no Justice of the peace shall make Catharine Wyllys, Mrs. Wadsworth. Henry Wadsworth was among the most active of those who deposed the tyrant.

Trevor, soon after the accession of Andross, returned to England, and at the age of thirty-five, fell honorably in the Spanish wars, with the rank of Colonel. He never married.

The other prominent characters of our romance are the property of history. We

have already, for a romancer, sufficiently encroached on this, in our, we trust praiseworthy, aim, to which the novelist ought always have an eye, to combine healthy instruction with that entertainment, which all are bound to expect in a work of fiction.

BIOGRAPHY.

Mary Russell Mitford.

THERE are few names which fall with a pleasanter sound upon the ears of those who adopt authors as friends, in recognition of the moral purity and geniality of feeling as much as of the original talent displayed in their works, than the name of Mary Russell Mitford. Happy thoughts and fresh images rise up when it is spoken; and yet we are a trifle too apt to think of it only as connected with all that is lovely in the rural scenery, and characteristic in the rural society of Southern England, and to forget that it also appertains to a dramatist of no common power, who has wrought in a period, when—if the theatres be deserted, and the popular acted drama has degenerated into melodrama, burletta, and farce—the plays published exhibit far more signs of strength and promise than were shown by those produced in the palmy days of Garrick, or the yet more glorious after-summer of the Kembles.

It was at Christmas time, in the year 1789, that Miss Mitford was born, her birth-place being the little town of Alresford, Hampshire. She is descended, on the father's side, from an ancient family in Northumberland, not remotely connected with nobility; and there is a quaint rhyme current in the north country, which promises the name a long duration.

'Midford was Midford when Morpeth was nane,
Midford shall be Midford when Morpeth is gane;
So long as the sun sets or the moon runs her round,
A Midford in Midford shall always be found.'

Her mother was the only daughter of Dr. Russell, of Ashe, in Hampshire; this lady was a singularly good classical scholar; and it would have been strange, if, under such auspices, the education of her daughter had not been liberally planned and carefully completed. How delightfully Miss Mitford has chronicled her school pleasures and school feelings, during the years between the ages of ten and fifteen, passed by her at a London boarding-school of high repute, no one who has read 'Our Village' can have forgotten. By her own showing she was as shy as she was clever, after a somewhat original fashion—a keen lover, of poetry and plays. And shortly after she left school, she showed the next evidence of talent, the possession of creative as well as appreciative power, by publishing a volume of miscellaneous poems, which were favorably received; for in those days, poetry was read. This was shortly followed by a metrical tale, in Scott's manner, founded

on the story of the discovery of the mutineers of the *Bounty*, a subject afterwards taken up by Lord Byron in 'The Island;' and this second essay ('Christine, the Maid of the South Seas') by a series of narrative poems on the female character. These works, now all but forgotten, were at the time of their appearing, successful; but their young writer was herself dissatisfied with them; conscious, perhaps, that they were little more than imitations, and forgetting that it is by imitation genius has almost always in the first instance manifested itself. She withdrew herself from composition—read much, though without any decided aim or object, and would never (*she thinks*) have attempted authorship again, had not those vicissitudes of fortune, which try the metal of the sufferer no less searchingly than the sincerity of his friends, compelled her to come forth from her retreat, and honorably to exercise the talents with which she had been so largely gifted. It would be raising the veil too high to dwell upon the sequel; upon the rich reward of love, and respect, and consideration, which have repaid so zealous and unselfish a devotion of time and talent as Miss Mitford's life has shown. We have but to speak of the good which has come out of evil, in the shape of her writings.

Miss Mitford's principal efforts have been a series of tragedies, heralded by a volume of dramatic scenes, which received favorable notice from Coleridge. 'The Two Foscari'—'Julian'—'Rienzi'—'Charles the First,' have been all represented, and all well received—the third with signal success. Besides these may be mentioned two other tragedies, still in manuscript, 'Inez de Castro' and 'Otto of Wittelsbach,' Miss Mitford's last, finest work. In all these plays there is strong vigorous writing—masculine in the free unshackled use of language, but wholly womanly in its purity from coarseness or licence, and in the intermixture of those incidental touches of softest feeling and finest observation which are peculiar to the gentler sex. A rich air of the south breathes over 'Rienzi'; and in 'Charles,' though the character of Cromwell will be felt to *vibrate*, it is, on the whole, conceived with a just and acute discernment of its real and false greatness—of the thousand contradictions which, in reality, make the son of the Huntingdon brewer a character too difficult, and mighty, for any one beneath a Shakspeare to exhibit. As also in Joanna Baillie's fine tragedies, the poetry of these plays is singularly fresh and unconventional; equally clear of Elizabethan quaintness and of the modern Della-cruscanisms, which, as some hold, indicate an exhausted and artificial state of society, in which the drama—the hearty, bold, natural drama—has no exis-

ence.—At all events, it is now too much the fashion that every thing which is written for the stage shall be forgotten as soon as the actors employed in it have 'fretted their hour;' were it otherwise, we should not have need to dwell, even thus briefly, upon the distinctive merits of Miss Mitford's tragedies.

In leaving them, however, we cannot but point attention to the happy choice of their subjects, and in doing this, may venture a remark or two which will lead us on to the works by which Miss Mitford is the most widely known—her sketches of country life and scenery. Among the characteristics which eminently distinguish female authorship, it has often struck us, that there is none more certain and striking than an instinctive quickness of discovery and happiness in working out available subjects and fresh veins of fancy. At least, if we travel through the domains of lighter literature during the last fifty years, we shall find enough to prove our assertion. We shall find the supernatural romance growing into eminence under the hands of Anne Radcliffe—the national tale introduced to the public by Miss Edgeworth and Lady Morgan—the historical novel by Miss Lee, and the Miss Porters—the story of domestic life, with common place persons for its actors, brought to its last perfection by Miss Austen. We shall find, Kenilworth' anticipated by the 'Recess' (a tale strangely forgotten,) and 'Werner,' owing not only its origin, but its very dialogue, to 'Kruitzner'—and the stories of 'Foscari' and 'Rienzi,' ere they fell into the hands of Byron and Bulwer, fixed upon with a happy boldness by the authoress under notice.—But the claims of Miss Mitford to swell the list of *inventors*, rest upon yet firmer ground: they rest upon these exquisite sketches, by which—the scenery all, and their characters half real—she has created a school of writing, homely but not vulgar, familiar but not breeding contempt, (in this point alone *not* resembling the highly finished pictures of the Dutch school) wherein the small events and the simple characters of rural life are made interesting by the truth and sprightliness with which they are represented.

Every one now knows 'Our Village,' and every one knows that the nooks and corners, the haunts and the copses so delightfully described in its pages, will be found in the immediate neighborhood of Reading, and more especially around 'Three Mile Cross,' a cluster of cottages on the Basingstoke Road, in one of which our authoress has now resided for many years. But so little were the peculiar and original excellence of her descriptions understood, in the first instance, that after having gone the round of rejection through the more important periodicals, they at last saw the light in no worthier

publication than the *Lady's Magazine*. But the series of rural pictures grew—and the venture of collecting them into a separate volume was tried. The public began to relish the style so fresh yet so finished, to enjoy the delicate humor and the simple pathos of the tales; and the end was, that the popularity of these sketches somewhat outgrew that of the works of loftier order proceeding from the same pen—that young writers, English and American, began to imitate so artless and charming a manner of narration, and that an obscure Berkshire hamlet, by the magic of talent and kindly feeling, was converted into a place of resort and interest for not a few of the finest spirits of the age.

It should, perhaps, be owned in speaking of these village sketches that their writer *enamels* too brightly—not the hedge-rows and the meadow streams, the orchards and the cottage garden, for who could exceed Nature?—but the figures which people the scene: that her country boys and village girls are too refined, too constantly turned 'to favor and to prettiness.' But this flattery only shows to us the health and benevolence of mind belonging to the writer; nor would it be just to count it as a fault unless we also were to denounce Crabbe as an unfaithful painter of English life and scenery because with tendency diametrically opposite he lingers like a lover in the workhouse and the hovel, and dwells rather upon decay and meanness, and misery than the prosperity, and charity, and comfort with which their gloom is so largely chequered. He may be called the *Caravaggio*—Miss Mitford the *Claude* of village life in England; and the truth lies between them. Both, however, are language; both paint with words, in a manner as faithful as it is significant. Crabbe should be reserved for those bright moments when the too buoyant spirits require a chastener, a memento of the 'days of darkness;' Miss Mitford resorted to in hours of depression and misgiving, when any book bearing an olive branch to tell us that there is fair weather abroad is a blessed visitant.

After publishing five volumes of these charming sketches, a wider field, for the same descriptive powers was found in a small market-town, its peculiarities, and its inhabitants—and 'Belford Regis' was written. But the family likeness between this work and 'Our Village' is so strong as to spare us the necessity of dwelling upon its features. Since its publication, besides many other fugitive pieces, Miss Mitford has completed her last tragedy, the 'Otto.' And now our record may be closed, as it is not permitted us to dwell upon the private pleasures and cares of an uneventful life, spent for the most part 'in a laborer's cottage, with a duchess's flower-garden.' We should mention, however, the recent addition of Miss Mitford's

name to the pension-list, as one among the many gratifying proofs, that literature is increasingly becoming an object of care and protection to our statesmen, and that in this much stigmatized world, talent and self-sacrifice do not always pass on their way unsympathised with or unrecognised.

MISCELLANY.

To make Home Happy.

NATURE is industrious in adorning her dominions; and man, to whom this beauty is addressed, should feel and obey the lesson. Let him, too, be industrious in adorning his dominions—in making his home—the dwelling of his wife and children—not only convenient and comfortable, but pleasant. Let him, as far as circumstances will permit, be industrious in surrounding it with pleasing objects—in decorating it within and without with things that tend to make it agreeable and attractive. Let industry make home the abode of neatness and order—a place which brings satisfaction to every inmate, and which in absence draws back the heart by the fond association of comfort and content. Let this be done, and this sacred spot will become more surely the scene of cheerfulness, kindness and peace. Ye parents, who would have your children happy, be industrious to bring them up in the midst of a cheerful, a pleasant, a happy home. Waste not your time in accumulating wealth for them; but plant their minds and souls in the way proposed, with the seeds of virtue and prosperity.

Virtue.—A Sketch.

'The only amarantine flower on earth, is virtue;
'The only lasting treasure, truth.'

WHEN the amiable and accomplished lady Jane Grey was confined in the tower previous to her execution she wrote to her friend Dr. Ascham a letter containing the following beautiful passage; 'There is an eternity for all that belongs to virtue, and what we have done for her will advance even to the sea, however, small the rivulet may have been during our life.'

How expressively true! the pure and unsullied stream of virtue will ever meander through life's chequered course to the boundless ocean of eternity and happiness. Cynthia may reflect her borrowed light—the sun may revolve in his diurnal rotation and his satellites irradiate our world with splendor—yet the season will arrive when the voice that called Chaos into symmetrical existence will consign these created luminaries into the abyss of their former darkness and oblivion. But virtue will live beyond the shadow of the tomb—she will soar beyond the bounds of creation, and be hallowed by the holy seraphim.

Without virtue no man can be truly happy.—There is no temporal pursuit, no pleasurable avocation in life unaccompanied by vicissitudes and disappointment. Every idle pleasure has its consequent sorrow. The foundation of actual happiness cannot be laid in a heart that engenders vice and immorality. Its basis is a good conscience the infallible concomitant of virtue and religion. The wine cup that exhilarates the senses for a short lived moment not only brings the melancholy reflections of a cooler judgment—But when indulged in licentiousness it is the bane of every valuable social blessing that belongs to the sanctity of character.—Vice in every shape is illusory and pernicious; virtue is only the amaranth. It is a gem that never ceases to sparkle—it is an attribute amiable to men, and sacred to God.

From the Southern Rose.

The Man of Leisure and the Pale Boy.

'You'll please not to forget to ask the place for me, sir,' said a pale blue-eyed boy, as he brushed the coat of the man of leisure, at his lodgings.

'Certainly not,' said Mr. Inklin. 'I shall be going that way in a day or two.'

'Did you ask for the place for me, yesterday?' said the pale boy, on the following day, with a quivering lip, as he performed the same office.

'No,' was the answer. 'I was busy, but I will to-day.'

'God help my poor mother,' murmured the boy, gazing listlessly on the cent Mr. Inklin laid in his hand.

The boy went home. He ran to the hungry children with the loaf of bread he earned by brushing the gentlemen's coats at the hotel. They shouted with joy, and his mother held out her emaciated hand for a portion, while a sickly smile flitted across her face.

'Mother, dear,' said the boy, 'Mr. Inklin thinks he can get the place, and I shall have three meals a day—only think, mother *three meals*!—and it won't take three minutes to run home and share it with you.'

The morning came, and the pale boy's voice trembled with eagerness, as he asked Mr. Inklin if he had applied for the place.

'Not yet,' said the man of leisure, 'but there is time enough.'

The cent that morning was wet with tears. Another morning arrived.

'It is very thoughtless in the boy to be so late,' said Mr. Inklin. 'Not a soul here to brush my coat.'

The child came at length, his face swollen with weeping.

'I am sorry to disappoint you,' said the man of leisure, 'but the place in Mr. C——'s store was taken up yesterday.'

The boy stopped brushing, and burst afresh into tears. 'I don't care now,' said he, sobbing, 'we may as well starve, Mother is dead.'

The man of leisure was shocked, and he gave the pale boy a dollar!

Irish Valor.

WHEN the British and American armies were near each other in the neighborhood of Germantown, five Hessian soldiers, who had straggled into the woods, and lost their way were met by an Irishman, who was a private in General Washington's army. He immediately presented his piece, and desired them to surrender; they supposing that he was supported by a party, did as he directed, and threw down their arms. He then marched them before him to the American lines, and brought them to head quarters. General Washington wondered at the spirit and achievement of the fellow, and asked him how he a single man, could capture five. 'Why' says the Irishman, 'plase your Excellency, by St. Patrick, I surrounded them!' The General laughed heartily, gave him a sum of money, and promoted him to an halbert.

'How is it,' said one little Miss to another, that John's never afeard and I am?' Because he's got a Roman nose and feels safe; dont you remember how we read that it has always been said a *Roman knows*—no danger?'

Letters Containing Remittances.

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

R. D. C. Grahamsville, N. Y. \$1.00; W. J. P. Nantucket, Ms. \$0.50; D. S. K. Troy, N. Y. \$1.00; A. D. Hoffman's Ferry, N. Y. \$1.00; G. W. F. Dundaff, Pa. \$1.00; Mrs. H. Amsterdam Village, N. Y. \$1.00; J. P. Scotland, Ct. \$1.00; J. W. Jackson Corner, N. Y. \$1.00; E. R. C. New Bedford, Mass. \$2.00; S. D. Cazenovia, N. Y. \$1.00; H. L. W. Caledonia, Ill. \$1.00; K. W. Duaneburgh, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Knowlesville, N. Y. \$1.00; M. P. B. Madison, O. \$1.00; D. S. North Blenheim N. Y. \$1.00; B. H. Perrington, N. Y. \$4.00.

MARRIED.

In Philadelphia, on the 1st inst. Mr. John C. White, of this city to Miss Lilitia Maxwell, of the former place. On Tuesday evening, the 24th ult. by the Rev. H. H. Northrop, Mr. Smith Vibbard to Miss Rebecca M. daughter of Dr. B. Northrop, all of Medina, Orleans Co. N. Y.

DIED.

In this city, on the 13th inst. Mr. Henry Edgar Whittelsey, of the firm of H. E. & P. D. Whittelsey, in the 26th year of his age. On Sunday the 12th inst. Mr. Robert Dakin, in the 32d year of his age. On the 13th inst. Harriet D. daughter of Allen Jordan, Esq. in the 8th year of her age. On the 14th inst. Jane Matilda, infant daughter of Capt. Wm. H. Folger. On the 16th inst. of Consumption, Mrs. Margaret, wife of Noah A. Spaulding, aged 34 years. On the 7th inst. Mr. Jerome Hallenbeck, in his 65th year. On the 8th inst. Mrs. Philena Hazard, aged 76 years. On the 8th inst. Lydia, daughter of Ferdinand and Phebe Van Sicklin, in her 4th year. On the 16th inst. Eliza Seesam, in the 23d year of her age. On the 17th inst. Mary A. Karner, in the 23d year of her age. On the 18th inst. Mrs. Hannah Van Deburgh, in the 64th year of her age. In Brooklyn, on the 19th inst. Mr. Samuel Gifford, late of this city, in the 52d year of his age. At Phelps, on the 19th ult. Mrs. Phebe, wife of Calvin Webster, in the 43d year of her age. In Livingston, on the 10th inst. Almira, daughter of William A. and Elcanor Baker, aged 11 years. At Albany, Mr. Charles F. Ames, formerly of this city.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

My Mother.

'My mother! when I heard that thou wast dead,
How sad and fearful were the tears I shed!

I heard the bell tolled on thy funeral day;—
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away;
And turning from my nursery-window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu.—COWPER.

LONG years have passed unheeded by,
And many a season swiftly fled,
Since in the cold, sepulchral tomb
I, weeping, saw my mother laid;
And though I then was but a youth,
With childhood's dew upon my brow,
Yet oft her memory I recall,
And still in fancy view her now.—

I view her now as, when a child,
Gay sporting 'mid the jocund throng,
Where pranks uncouth and antics wild,
With pleasure led the hours along,
She often called me to her side—
While tear-drops from her eye-lids stole—
Her hand laid gently on my head,
And thus poured forth her ardent soul:—

'My son, thou now art in thy youth,
When pastime all thy mind employs;
The moments gay, delighted pass,
Their flight unnoticed 'mid thy joys;
But though they now so smoothly glide,
Unruffled by an anxious care,
Yet soon thou'lt find they quickly flee,
And thou for manhood must prepare.

'Then in thy mind's now radiant sky
Thick clouds of sorrow oft will lower,
And storms of grief, misfortune, wo
And dark despair, upon thee shower.
Temptation too, with artful wile,
Will strive to lead thy steps astray;
And oft the syren, pleasure vile,
Her snares will set beside thy way.

Yet ne'er despond though troubles rise,
And anguish keen thy heart invades;
Though in thy soul's dark lowering skies,
The brightest star of promise fades!
But onward press in virtue's path,
Deceived by no vile, luring smile,
And you will reach a home at last
Unknown to sorrow, sin and guile.'

'Twas thus she spoke, and on my mind,
Each accent there impressions made
That, deep engraven, aye will last
Till life's pale, flickering light shall fade!
And like a beacon-star, those words
Direct me o'er time's billowy sea;
My heart buoy up in danger's hour,
And bid me from temptations flee.

RURAL BARD.

Dracut, Me. March, 1838.

From the Courant.

The Grave of the Duelist.

Who sleeps beneath this dreary mound?
Whose ashes here repose?
Say not 'tis holy, hallowed ground;
There's blood upon the rose.

Does there a hero sleep beneath?
Some chief of spotless fame?
The flowrets here no fragrance breathe,
No marble speaks his name.

Is it a lover's withered form
That lies so dark and low?
I hear no requiem but the storm,
No mournful sound of woe.

No! he, whose dust is here enshrined,
Possessed a ruffian's heart;—
No wreath by beauty's hand entwined,
Did fame to him impart.

RELIGION wept not o'er his grave;
No friend his loss did mourn:—
He lived of honor false, the slave,—
He died his country's scorn.

Hartford, 1st March, 1838.

Sir Walter Scott in Italy.

In his declining years, Sir Walter Scott was taken to Italy, in the hope that the interesting objects there presented to him might restore the dormant energies of his mind—but in vain. While there his constant cry was, 'Take me home.'

As aged man sat sighing
In a lofty marble hall,
Where gorgeously the setting ray
Of a southern sun did fall.
The perfume of the citron groves
Swept o'er his brow in vain,
It woke not in his slumbering mind
Its energies again.

And bear me hence, he murmured,
The sunshine is too bright,
The flowers are too fragrant
For my spirit's rayless night;
A gentle wind comes whispering o'er
The ocean's breast of foam;
It hath a sweet but mournful voice,
Come home! it cries, come home!

I know this land is lovely,
It once made bright my dreams,
But I sigh for Scotland's glens,
Wild rocks and rushing streams.
The dreams that haunt my pillow now,
Speak not of thee, oh! Rome;
They have a voice, one only voice,
Come home! it cries, come home!

I listen to the nightingale,
Weary of its sweet lay,
The blackbird sings much sweeter,
In the gloaming far away,
The wild strains of a prison bird
Float through the marble dome,—
I know the burden of its song,
Come home! it cries, come home!

The Early Dead.

He rests—but not the rest of sleep
Weights down his sunken eyes,
The rigid slumber is too deep,
The calm too breathless lies!
Shrunk are the wandering veins that streak
The fixed and marble brow;
There is no life flush on the cheek—
Death! Death! I know thee now!

Pale King of Terrors, thou art here
In all thy dark array;
But 'tis the living weep and fear
Beneath thine iron sway;—
Bring flowers and crown the Early Dead,
Their hour of bondage past;

But wo, for those who mourn and dread,
And linger till the last.

Spring hath its music and its bloom,
And morn its glorious light;
But still a shadow from the tomb,
A sadness and a blight,
Are ever on earth's loveliest things,
The breath of change is there,
And Death his dusky shadow flings
O'er all that's loved and fair.

So let it be—for ne'er on earth
Should man his home prepare;
The spirit feels its heavenly birth,
And spurns at mortal care.
Even when young Worth and Genius die
Let no vain tears be shed,
But bring bright wreaths of victory
And crown the Early Dead.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

RURAL REPOSITORY,

Devoted to Polite Literature, such as Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biography, Traveling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Poetry, &c. &c.

On Saturday, the 23d of June, 1838, will be issued the first number of the Fifteenth Volume (Sixth New Series) of the RURAL REPOSITORY.

On issuing the proposals for a new volume of the Rural Repository, the publisher tenders his most sincere acknowledgements to all Contributors, Agents and Subscribers, for the liberal support which they have afforded him from the commencement of this publication. New assurances on the part of the publisher of a periodical which has stood the test of years, would seem superfluous, he will therefore only say, that it will be conducted on a similar plan and published in the same form as heretofore, and that no pains or expense shall be spared to promote their gratification by its further improvement in typographical execution and original and selected matter.

CONDITIONS.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY will be published every other Saturday, in the Quarto form, and will contain twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume, making in the whole 206 pages. It will be printed in handsome style, on Medium paper, of a superior quality, with good type, making, at the end of the year, a neat and tasteful volume containing matter equal to one thousand duodecimo pages, which will be both amusing and instructive in future years.

TERMS.—The Fifteenth volume, (Sixth New Series) will commence on the 23d of June next, at the low rate of One Dollar per annum in advance, or One Dollar and Fifty Cents at the expiration of three months from the time of subscribing. Any person, who will remit us Five Dollars, free of postage, shall receive six copies, and any person, who will remit us Ten Dollars, free of postage, shall receive twelve copies and one copy of either of the previous volumes. No subscription received for less than one year.

Names of subscribers with the amount of Subscriptions to be sent by the 23d of June or as soon after as convenient, to the publisher, WILLIAM B. STODDARD, Hudson, Columbia Co. N. Y. 1838.

EDITORS, who wish to exchange, are respectfully requested to give the above a few insertions, or at least a notice, and receive Subscriptions.

Printing Ink,

For sale at this office by the Keg, at 30 cts. per lb. for Cash. This Ink is manufactured by T. G. & G. W. Eddy, and is good news Ink, of the same quality, that this paper has been printed with the last two years.

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All orders and Communications must be post paid, to receive attention.